

The Wine-Cooper's Delight.

223 again 175

To the Tune of, *The Delights of the Bottle.*

^{1.}
The Delights of the Bottle are turn'd out of doors,
By factious fanatical Sons of damn'd Whores,
French Wines Prohibition meant no other thing,
But to poison the Subject, and begger the King
Good Nature's suggest'd with Dregs like to choak her,
Of fullum flum'd Wine by the cur'd *Wine-Cooper.*

^{2.}
Our plaguy *Wine-Cooper* has tamper'd so much,
To find out the subtilty of the false *Dutch.*
He tinctures prickt White-wine, that never was good,
Till it mantles, and sparkles, and looks like Bulls blood.
But when it declines, and its Spirits expire,
He adds more Ingredients, and makes it look higher.

^{3.}
His old rotten Pipes, where he keeps all this Trash,
For fear they should burst, Sir, he hoops them with Ash.
When the Sophistication begins for to froth,
And boys on the Fret, Sir, he wisely pulls forth
A Tap which gives vent, to the grounds of the Cause,
And then is to vamp up a second red Nose.

^{4.}
Then this duncy *Wine-Cooper* stops it up again,
And keeps it unvented till 's all on a flame.
The *Intelligences* then were invented to show,
Where Wine of strange Vertues in plenty did flow.
People from all parts of the Nation did come,
Both Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, *Dollar* and *Bow.*

^{5.}
The *Cooper* then pulls the Tap out of the side,
And drinks to the Elders of all his good Tribe.
But when they had gull'd about all their Bowls,
They found a strange Freedom it gave to their Souls,
Of Secrets in Nature, that never were known,
It gave Inspiration from Begger to Throne.

^{6.}
For the *Cooper* himself full Beimmers did draw,
And all the whole Gang were oblig'd to do so.
Amongst these Gabals there was no such a thing,
As a Health once propos'd to the D—or the King,
But drank to that Idol, that hopes in their powers,
And Sons of most Infamous Hackney old Whores.

^{7.}
Then the Rabble had notice from *Smith* and from *Ben,*
What a heavenly Liqueur was sent amongst men.
Both Tinklers and Coblers, the Broom-men and Sweep,
Before this *Wine-Cooper* in Flocks they did meet,
And each under foot stampt his old greazy Bonnet,
To drink M—Health, Sir, whatever came on it.

^{8.}
The *Cooper* perceiving his Trade to approach,
He then was resolv'd once more to debauch.
To encourage the Rabble, and shew himself flour,
He pull'd out the Spigot amongst the whole Rout,
Which kindnes provokt them to swear they wou'd bring
Such Trade to his Houle, as wou'd make him a K—

^{9.}
A Hat or a Pottle was fill at the Tap,
But Zealots sometimes laid their mouths to the Fat.
They charg'd their brisk Bumpers fo many times round,
Till part of the *Moblie* sprawl'd on the ground.
But when this damn'd Liqueur was got in their Pates,
They fell to Bumbasting, Disord'ring of States.

^{10.}
They began to Cant dangers by formal Sedition,
And swear lawful Allegiance, gainst lawful Succesion.
When these Propositions began to take fire,
They faw'd their Presumptions a hole or two higher.
But fill they keep under *Flag St. Peter's* Cloak,
To bring in the Devil, to drive out the Pope.

^{11.}
But then they began for to pick at the Crown,
Each thinking that he deserv'd one of his own.
Then all the Kings Guards they thought fit to Indict,
And swear Treason gainst all that maintain'd the K.Right.
Both *Papist* and *Protestant*, no matter whether,
They are none of our Party, let's hang them together.

^{12.}
Next the chief of our Game is to keep the K—poor,
Each thinking that he deserv'd one of his own.
The Navy and Cinque-ports we'll have in our hands,
And then we'll make Kingdoms obey our Commands.
Then if G—do withstand us, we need not to fight,
To make Eighty one to one do Forty eight.

^{13.}
Whatever Objections great Loyallists bring,
Old *Adam* liv'd happy without e're a King.
Then why may not we, that's much wiser than he,
Subdue the whole World, Sir, by our Sov'raignty?
If one man alone can keep Three Nations under,
Then why may not we that are Kings without number?

^{14.}
Right, said the *Cooper*, and thak'd his old Noddle,
Three Kingdoms we'll tois, like a Child in a Cradle.
Stick close to this Liqueur which I do prepare,
I will make us as plendid, as *Nod* in his Chair.
We'll kindle old Plots, by inventing of new,
Till none shall be safe but the *Cooper* and You.

^{15.}
Oh brave Boys! Oh brave Boys! thus the Rabble did roar,
Tantivies and Tories shall Hedor no more.
By us they're out-act'd, to us they shall bend,
Whilst we to our Dignities freely ascend.
Then they were dead-drunk as the devil could make 'um,
And fell fast asleep, as ten Drums could not wake 'um.

^{16.}
In the Piss and the Spew the poor *Cooper* did piddle,
To hop up his Tap, but the Knave was not able.
For his Limbs like a Tortoise did thrive and crease,
Down drops the *Wine-Cooper* with the other Heals.
And there the whole Litter as yet doth abide,
At the Sign of the *Bast*, with the Tap in one side.

